THE MODEL HUSBAND.

Most wives will end their story with:
"Ah, well, men are but human."
I long to tell the secret of
A truly happy woman.

Through all the sunshine-lighted years,
Lived now in retrospection,
My husband's word brought never tears,
Nor caused a sad reflection.

Whate'er the burdens of the day,
Unflinching, calm and steady,
To bear his part—the larger half—
I always find him ready.

House cleaning season brings no frown,
No sarcasm, pointed keenly;
Through carpets up, and tacks head down
He makes his way serenely.

Our evenings pass in converse sweet,
Or quiet contemplation,
We never disagree except
To "keep up conversation."

And dewy morn of radiant June,
Fair moonlight of September,
April with bird and brook atune,
Stern, pitiless December—

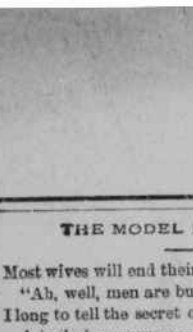
Each seems to my adoring eyes
Some new grace to discover,
For he unchanging through the years,
Is still my tender lover.

So life no shadows hold, though we
Have reached the side that's shady;
My husband? Oh! a dream is he,
And I'm a maiden lady.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

PARSON PLADLEY.

BY MANLEY H. PIKE.



T was "meeting-time" in Hudderfield, Massachusetts Bay Colony, on a Sunday morning in June, 1676. The fifty or sixty log buildings which made up the settlement stood silent as so many tombs among the black stumps of the half-cleared fields, for every soul in the place from the old man of ninety to the youngest child, was in the meeting-house on the hill—every soul, that is, except Abner True.

Abner True, whose father was a deacon and tithing-man, and counted second only to the minister himself in rigid piety, was actually playing truant from meeting; and this in a village which looked upon Plymouth and Weymouth as dangerously worldly towns, relaxed in morals and manners by overmuch prosperity.

But Abner had worked from sun to sun every day of the last week, and knew he must do the same every day of the next week and the week after that; for the corn was to be hoed, the grass crops got in, and a score of other tasks to be done.

It seemed to him too hard that, on this one day of rest, he should be obliged to sit upon a backless plank bench all the forenoon, if, indeed, he did not find himself forced to sit there longer; since Parson Pladley, who rarely preached less than three hours, sometimes preached four, and once or twice had been known to exceed five hours.

Abner felt sure that the sermon would not be a short one this day, even according to the preacher's ideas of brevity; and the more he thought of it the more he dreaded it, until he became willing to incur any punishment for the sake of escaping that discourse.

So when Deacon Amos, with his wife and younger children, were ready for meeting, no Abner could be found. Hidden in the little hay-mow of the rough barn, he saw the family depart—his father marching ahead, equipped with musket, bandoleer and powder-horn; for King Philip and his Indians were at war against the whites, and no man throughout the colony went to field or church without his arms.

Similar groups, similarly accoutred, paced solemnly along toward the rude sanctuary upon the hill, until Abner, seeing that all Huddersfield had passed, felt that he was safe—for the present—and lay down upon the soft hay to prepare for the sound nap he had so longed for.

Below old Fly, the farm horse, stamped and munched; without, the hens crowed in the sunshine, with a drowsy note that should have been favorable enough for slumber. But between his guilty consciousness of what he had done and his dread of Deacon Amos would do, Abner could not manage to go to sleep.

He began to wish himself upon that backless plank bench, even if the sermon were to last all day; yet a tardy arrival would be nearly as great offence as not to come at all; and he had not the courage to meet the public reproof which Parson Pladley might administer, or to hasten the private chastisement that Deacon Amos would surely inflict.

The time went on. The old house was still now; the hens uttered only an occasional croak. From the far distance the preacher's voice came down on the warm breeze in a softened murmur. Abner was dozing.

What was that? He heard a sound that wakened him quite, and he sprang up to listen.

Nothing but a slight swishing sound in the tall grass behind the barn—nothing but that. It was probably some fox or polecat on the watch to snatch a chicken. Abner peered out through a crack to see if he could discover the animal, for the swishing sound seemed drawing near.

In the meeting-house Parson Pladley had turned his big hour-glass twice, and now the sands of the third hour were almost spent. Before him rows of serious men, women and children in reverent attention, not once removing their earnest eyes from the minister.

The heavy door was flung open and shut again with a loud bang that startled every member of the congregation. A boy, staggering and streaming with perspiration, ran up the broad aisle and fell exhausted at the foot of the pulpit.

Every man stretched out his hand to the musket that stood beside him; but no one rose, no one said a word or uttered an exclamation.

Whatever the danger was—and they knew well what it might be—this was God's house, and in it none but God's servant should raise a voice or venture upon any action unless he permitted.

The minister descended from his place, leaned over the panting Abner and caught the few words the boy had strength to whisper: "Savages—full five score—stealing up—to take us unaware!"

The minister returned to the pulpit.

"Kindle your matches, brethren," said he, in a voice of perfect tranquility.

The ring of flint and steel sounded all over the house.

"Make ready your guns," continued the minister, taking up a heavy musket, and blowing the match, or fuse, by which it was discharged. "Musketeers, to your stations. Yet that have but swords or pikes, sit fast."

The congregation obeyed these orders as calmly as they had been given. Twenty-five men, headed by Deacon True, silently ranged themselves the loopholes which were pierced in the door and along the walls. Each knew his position, and took it without delay or hesitation; while the fifteen men who had no firearms sat stiffly on the benches with the women and children, most of whom had not looked behind them since Abner rushed in.

Parson Pladley looked at the hour-glass, which still continued to run, and quietly resumed his sermon. Around the sides of the room the musketeers stooped at the loopholes amid the light vapor from their smouldering matches.

On the benches the body of listeners kept their composed countenances turned upon the preacher. Save his voice, there was no sound but an infrequent metallic rattle, as some musketeer examined his [illegible] or loosen his iron-hilted broadsword in the scabbard. The words of the preacher sang throughout the house:

"And even as aforetime the heathen did furiously rage, and did compass the children of the covenant with spear and javelin round about—"

A high-pitched, thrilling screech filled the air without, and now rose above the minister's voice. It was sustained and prolonged in many savage throats. There came quick, sharp patterings on the roof and walls, like hailstones.

Enoch Brett fell backward from his loophole with an arrow through the brain. Another man rose from his seat, picked up the gun which Brett had dropped, and took the vacant station.

A dozen muskets answered the storm of missels. Their fire seemed to check the advance of the Indians, inasmuch as the war cry grew fainter, and the pattering of the arrows diminished.

Parson Pladley had not interrupted his sermon, although his voice had been temporarily drowned by the noise of the assault and defence, except for the instant that he cast one glance at the musket beside him, and another at the hour-glass.

All the men who could act were at their posts; why should he not continue to the end, while waiting for the desperate struggle which must come? His sense of duty told him that he ought not to cease his holy office before the appointed time, except under compulsion in which he must recognize the hand of God.

His hearers understood this as well as if he had declared his determination in so many words. They did their part by listening with steady attention.

Again the cries grew louder and arrow flights thicker. The guns replied, but this time the attack was not repulsed. A ponderous thumping on the door, which shook the whole building, told that some kind of battering-ram was being employed to break it down. A few more such shocks and the door must fall.

Only a pinch or two more of sand remained in the hour glass. Still it was not quite empty and Parson Pladley preached on.

Crash! The door was half off its hinges. The firearm men crowded behind it and deliverd a volley that appeared for a minute to clear the passage. There was yet some sand in the hour-glass. The parson's lips could be seen to move, though his voice was not heard.

A renewed yell and the crashing blows once more beat upon the door. No shots answered this time, for the muskets were empty.

An arrow whistled across the church and stuck quivering in the front of the pulpit. Around the edges of the shattered door hatchets and clubs were brandished in the faces of the defenders, who dashed them aside with the butts of their guns. The women began to scream.

The last sand ran out of the hour-glass. Parson Pladley bowed his head and said, "Amen!" And all the congregation answered together, "Amen!"

Up sprang the hitherto motionless listeners—women to the rear, men to the front—and from the pulpit the old minister, with sword and gun, led the way to the aid of the others, who were beginning to give ground before the of hideously-painted figures who were forcing their way through the entrance.

Then came out another side of the Puritan character. The fierce energy—almost joy—with which the colonists fought was as susprising as the stony self-control they had shown but a moment before. Ahead of them all, Parson Pladley swung his mighty sword with cries which betrayed the old horse-soldier of Cromwell and Harrison, for such he had been and of those who followed him, more than one had stood in the ranks of the pikemen who met the charges of Prince Rupert's Cavaliers, and repelled them, too.

As if he remembered this, the minister lifted up his strong voice in a stern Psalm which had thundered over the battlefields of Naseby and Marston Moor—the war song of David the King, rejoicing over his victory;

"I have pursued mine enemies and overtaken them; neither did I turn again till they were consumed.

"I have wounded them that were not able to rise; they are fallen under my feet.

"For Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle; Thou has subdyed under me those that rose up against me."

The Indians were like wolves combating lions. They shrank, wavered and were pressed back to the door, through it, and outside of it. Then, by one last rush, they were broken, scattered and dispersed. They ran in every direction for the shelter of the woods; many of them fell by the way under the pikes and swords of their pursuers. Huddersfield was saved.

Within the meeting-house, now half-ruined, dim with powder-smoke and heaped with broken benches, arrows and dead bodies, the congregation gathered around its minister, who, blackened and bloody, with gown torn to shreds and a great slash across his forehead, once more raised up his voice—this time in the glorious strain of one of their triumphant hymns.

All joined in it—even the wounded, who could scarcely lift their heads from the ground, and the dying, who sang their own breaths away in the grateful chorus.

When the injured had been cared for, and there was once more time for ordinary matters, Parson Pladley called Abner True to him.

"Son Abner, thou didst well so cunningly to avoid those ruthless savages, and privily warn us betimes. For this thou meritest reward."

Abner looked up, astonished.

"And this shall be thy reward—that for thy wilful tarrying away from the sanctuary thou shalt receive no discipline—from the church."

"But my father will—" stammered the boy.

"Of a surety he will," placidly replied the minister, "and I trust it may do thee good."

"Come with me, Abner," said Deacon Amos.—Youth's Companion.

Few Round-top Trunks Now.

There are comparatively few round-top trunks made now. The idea was that greater resisting power could be obtained with least weight, but, unfortunately, there was no guarantee that the baggage-smasher would always stand the trunk the right way up. His failure to do this gave numberless reminders of the fact that no box is stronger than at its weakest point, and the damaged sides became very common. Now most trunks are made with flat tops, and are so strong all over that it is very difficult, even for an expert trunk-smasher, to break one.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pure Nickel Currency.

It is probable that the Austro-Hungarian Government will adopt pure nickel for its currency. The alloyed coin generally used, containing only twenty-five per cent. of nickel, combined with seventy-five per cent. of copper, possesses, it is considered, numerous disadvantages, while the favorable points of the pure nickel piece are that, notwithstanding its hardness, it can easily be coined, that it has the quality of extraordinary durability, loss by wear and tear being reduced to a minimum; that it is preserved clean in circulation and that no oxidization worth mentioning sets in.—Iron Age.

It's the "State of Maine."

Why do the people of our most Northwestern States always talk of the State of Maine instead of simply using the one word "Maine?" The explanation is as follows: Up to the year 1820 this portion of the country was politically attached to the State of Massachusetts and was known as the "District of Maine." After it was incorporated into a State and admitted into the Union the people from long habit continued to place the preposition "of" before the word "Maine," and the custom has been continued to the present time.—Boston Globe.

The street surface roads of New York City carried 226,650,613 passengers during the year 1891, a daily average of 629,157.

AFRICA'S PIGMY TRIBES.

BEARDED DWARFS INHABIT THE DARK CONTINENT.

The Tribes of Little People Are Widely Separated, But Have Striking Resemblances—Some Are Warlike.

FORTY years ago no one supposed that tribes of dwarfs existed in Africa. To-day authorities like Schlichter, Feikin, and others affirm not only that the ancient writers were dealing with fact and not fable when they wrote of the dwarfs of Central Africa, but also that the world derived important geographical facts from these dwarfs. They believe, as did the late Captain Stairs, that dwarfs found their way in ancient times into Egypt, and that they doubtless gave some information about the "Mountains of the Moon" and the sources of the Nile. The theory that dwarfs from the upper Nile regions did reach Egypt is fortified in a striking manner by the recent discovery on an old Egyptian monument of the picture of a dwarf with the name Akka beside it, which is the name of the most famous of the Central African dwarf tribes; but later centuries had no faith in dwarf tribes; and the testimony of more than one recent discovery was needed before the interesting subject attracted much attention. Some fifteen explorers have within the past few years added many facts to our knowledge of the dwarfs, and though our acquaintance with them is still incomplete, enough facts have been obtained to enable us to take a general view of these curious little people.

One group of these pigmies, the Dokos, have not yet been visited by any explorer, and yet it is certain that they inhabit, approximately, the region assigned to them on our map south of Abyssinia. It is hoped that before long some explorer will visit them in their home and tell us more about them. Avanchers, Krapf and d'Abbadie, all travelers of authority, have met many of them, and, independently of one another, have borne testimony to their existence. They were described by these men as having the same characteristics that mark the Equatorial dwarfs who were not known for years after the Dokos had excited the curiosity of ethnologists. Professor Hartman in 1876 collected on the east coast trustworthy reports about the Dokos, confirming the earlier reports. The Dokos are said to be dark brown in color, extremely ugly in physique, and about four feet high. They go entirely without clothing and build most primitive huts, which they cover with skins or leaves. Their only occupation is hunting. They change their quarters as soon as game becomes scarce, use only poisoned arrows, and are expert in catching animals in traps and pitfalls. They do not know the use of fire and eat the flesh of serpents and other animals raw. Dr. Henry Schlichter, who has collated all the evidence at hand relating to these perfect savages, says, that although their country has never been visited, it can safely be said that "east of the Nile and to the south of Kaffa in the unexplored territories to the south of the river Omo there exists a pigmy race similar in size, appearance and habits to the dwarfs of the upper Nile and Congo regions." It is probable that they are scattered among other tribes of different race and customs like their relatives in West and Central Africa.

It is now possible to divide the dwarfs of Africa into four groups—the pigmies of West Africa, known as the Obongo, Akoa, and Babongo, who were first met in recent times by Du Chaillu; the dwarfs of the central regions, known as the Akka, Wambutti, and Batua, discovered and described by Grenfell, Von Francois, Lenz, Wolf, Wiseman, and others; the East African pigmies, known as the Dokos, though they probably compose several tribes speaking several different dialects; and the dwarfs south of the Congo basin who are the bushmen and their relatives of South Africa. Some time ago Mr. Haliburton reported the discovery of dwarfs among the Atlas Mountains of Morocco, but the reports about these alleged pigmies are not yet sufficiently authenticated to be accepted as fact.

Among all these widely separated dwarf tribes exist resemblances so striking that these little peoples are now believed to be the branches of the same great family that by one cause or another was separated perhaps centuries ago, until to-day its parts are divided by hundreds of miles of territory in which no dwarfs are found. They are all migratory, never remaining long in one place, though they do not often wander far out of their own district. Although all of them are savages of the very lowest type, their cunning and skill as hunters are most remarkable. They live among tribes of ordinary stature whom they supply with dried meat and fish in exchange for vegetable food, knives, and other articles. They intermarry only to a small extent with their larger neighbors, and as a rule are very shy in their intercourse with other peoples, which accounts for the fragmentary information we at present possess about them. Beards are developed among them more largely than among other African tribes. All of them excel their larger neighbors in dexterity as archers, in nimbleness, and in ingenious devices for catching game. Every schoolboy has seen pictures of native Africans disguising themselves in ostrich skins to get within bow shot of these shy birds. It is only the dwarf bushmen who practise this device. Livingstone said that the dwarfs he met killed many lions with their insignificant-looking arrows. We know very little as yet about their languages and dialects, but the incomplete vocabularies collected show that not a few of the words of these widely severed tribes are identical.

In a number of respects the various dwarf tribes show differences of some importance. In Central Africa the Tikki-Tikki dwarfs are a little taller, have darker skins, more vigorous limbs, and are covered with fewer but coarser hairs than the Akka, who live a little north of them. The Akka, on the other hand, are a little taller than the Obongo in West Africa. The average height of adult men among the Obongo is four feet three inches, while the average among the Akka men is about four feet seven inches. The Obongo are probably the smallest dwarfs in Africa. The tribes differ in color from light brown to black. Beards are a feature of all the dwarf peoples, but are scantily developed among some of them, while among others the beard is quite long, particularly among the Batua south of the Congo.

The dwarfs of the central regions, the Akka, Wambutti, Tikki-Tikki and Batua, form the most important group of African pigmies. They are all warlike, and few of the tribes around them have given explorers so much trouble as the little folks, who have dogged their caravans, skulking in the forests or jungle where they can hardly be seen, climbing the trees and swinging themselves out on the limbs with the agility of monkeys, and from this vantage place showering down poisoned arrows upon the enemy below. Explorers tell of the Batua swinging from branch to branch, as trapeze performers take flight from one bar to another. Grenfell and Von Francois were astounded to see the Batua scramble out on boughs overhanging the rivers until the limbs bend low beneath their weight. These Batua tribes extend over the whole southern part of the Congo basin, and doubtless much additional information about them will be brought home by future explorers. Very little is known of them at present except the fact of their existence. Schlitcher says that, like the Akka and the Wambutti, their intercourse with the various tribes of ordinary stature among whom they live is usually of a friendly nature, partly because the Bantu tribes are afraid of them and partly because the pigmies supply these tribes with flesh and skins in exchange for vegetable food, cooking pots, and other articles that may be regarded as among the luxuries of African pigmy life. Moreover, they are thoroughly at home in the forest, and are, therefore, valuable to their Bantu friends as spies and scouts in time of feuds and warfare. The sites of their encampments and villages are always carefully selected to prevent surprise, and Stanley describes their daily life as being similar to that of the Bantu population among whom they live. The women do all the domestic work, erect the beehive huts, collect wood and vegetable food, watch the fires, and dry the meat. The men spend most of their time in hunting or in bartering with neighboring tribes. They usually speak the dialects of their neighbors, but all travelers say that they also have a distinct language of their own, of which we have little knowledge.

It is now very generally believed that all these dwarf tribes are the remnant of the original population of Africa, who, many centuries ago, were decimated and widely scattered by the intrusion of stronger peoples. While there is no direct evidence proving this hypothesis, there are circumstances which give it much strength, and among them is the improbability that the various scattered pigmy tribes could have immigrated into territories already occupied by the Bantu, Nuba and Hottentot races.—New York Sun.

Bacteria on Bank Notes.

Some singular facts concerning the danger of infection by paper money have been educed by a bacteriological analysis of the bank notes of the Spanish Bank of Havana in general circulation. Attention was drawn to the subject by the fact that circulation increased the weight of the notes in consequence of their acquiring foreign matter. The examination made showed on the notes in use for some time a considerable number of microbes, and on some notes as many as 10,000 microbes were detected. Eight pathogenic species were encountered, including those of diptheria and tuberculosis. The result of the examination was that a general warning was issued to the public against this active source of danger. The use of bank notes is at all times attended with a certain degree of risk, and especially in Havana, where children have the habit of carrying paper money in their mouth, and are thus very liable to swallow the germs of some mortal disease.—Courier-Journal.

Named From Men.

Appended is a list of technical terms, common nouns, derived from the names of scientific men. I shall be glad to have ommissions pointed out.

Ampere, coulomb, daguerreotype, davy, farad, galvanism, hessian, jacobian, joule, kyanism, lieberkuhn, moncrieffian, nonius, oersted, ohm, orrery, pfaffian, talbotype, vernier, volt, watt, weber, wronskian.—Notes and Queries.

Girls over twelve can make valid wills under the laws of Scotland.